

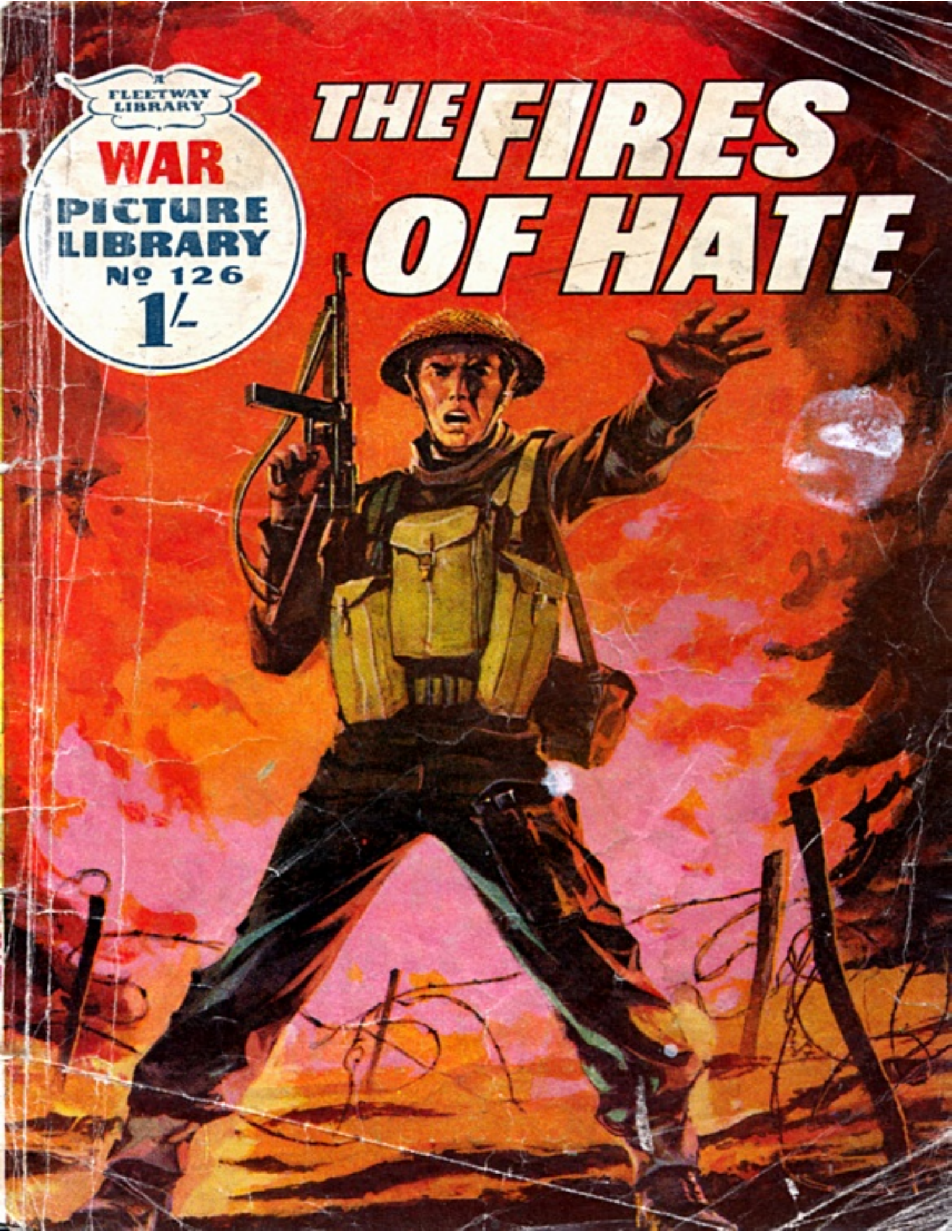
A  
FLEETWAY  
LIBRARY

**WAR**  
**PICTURE**  
**LIBRARY**

№ 126

1/-

# ***THE FIRES OF HATE***





# **NEW! ACTION PACKED BOOK OF REAL WAR STORIES**



Here's something new in thrills and adventure! Lots of powerful stories and picture stories based on REAL events from World War II. Vivid battle scenes in full colour—the Sinking of the Bismarck—the Red Devils at Arnhem—true stories about winners of the Victoria Cross.



Get the NEW  
**'LION' BOOK  
OF WAR  
ADVENTURES**

On sale now 8/6 Price applies to U.K. only

# The FIRES of HATE

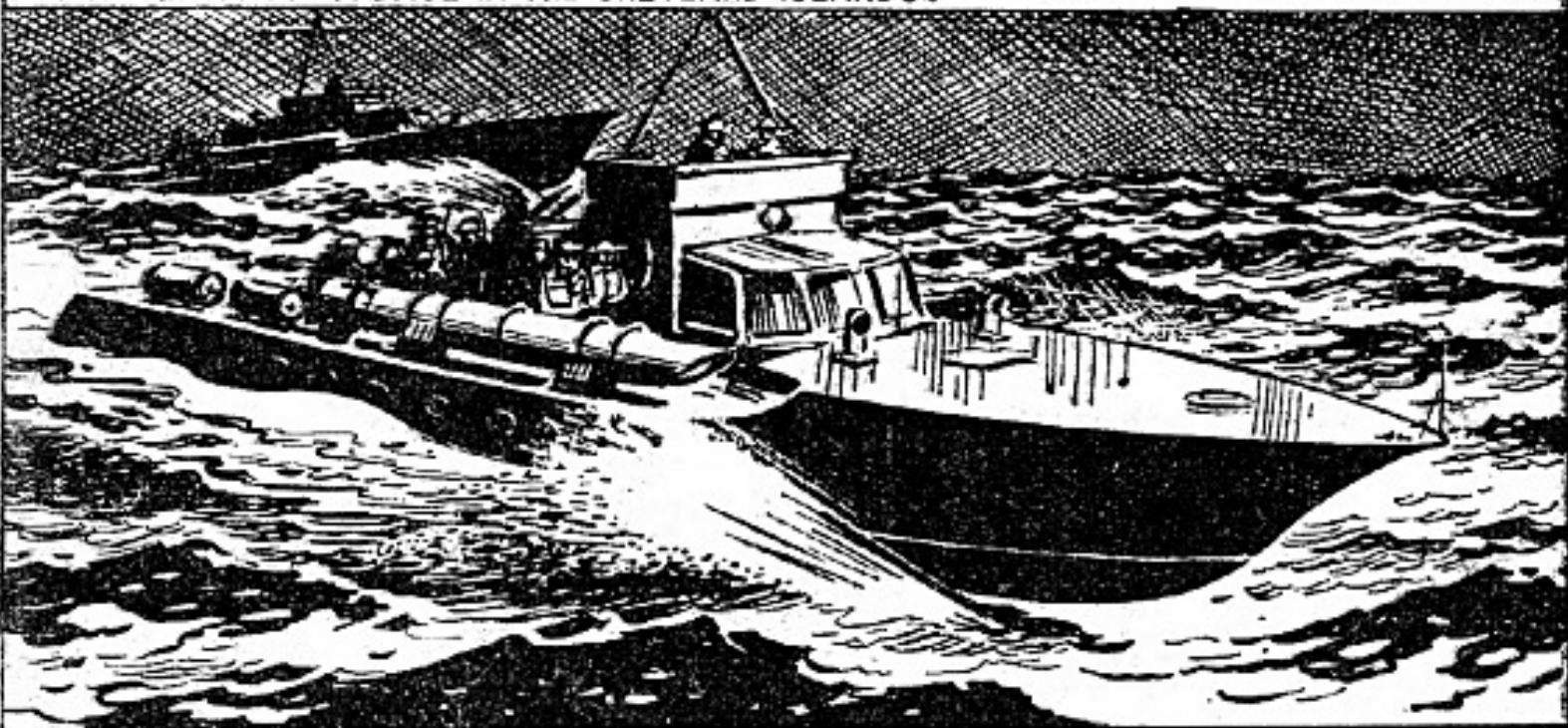


WHEN THEY FLUNG THE ALLIES OUT OF NORWAY IN 1940, THE NAZI INVADING HORDE GRABBED A STRATEGIC THOUSAND-MILE COASTLINE. IT WAS A COASTLINE THAT WAS VERY CLOSE TO THE ROUTE OF THE ALLIED ARCTIC CONVOYS BOUND FOR BELEAGUERED RUSSIA. NORWEGIAN-BASED GERMAN BOMBERS HAMMERED THE CONVOYS MERCILESSLY.



## Chapter 1. *The HOME-COMING*

THE VITAL SUPPLY LINE TO RUSSIA WAS IMPERILLED AND COMMANDO UNITS WERE SENT TO NORWAY TO STRENGTHEN LOCAL RESISTANCE GROUPS IN THEIR UNEQUAL FIGHT. ONE SUCH BATTLE-HARDENED UNIT, LED BY MAJOR ALLEN, CROSSED THE COLD GREY WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA FROM A BASE IN THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.



A BITTER NORTH-EASTER LASHED THE BRIDGE OF THE LEADING MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT, GIVING THE MAJOR A CHILL FORETASTE OF ARCTIC WEATHER AWAITING HIS UNIT.

LOOKS  
LIKE SNOW,  
MAJOR.

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN  
SNOW TO WORRY MY MEN,  
COMMANDER. COMMANDOS  
ARE TRAINED TO  
BE TOUGH!





ONE OF THOSE COMMANDOS WAS GOING HOME. SERGEANT LIEF LARSON, RUGGED VETERAN OF THE DIEPPE RAID, HAD SPENT THREE LONG YEARS OF VIOLENT ACTION SINCE HE HAD FLED THE NAZI YOKE AT NARVIK.

WHAT'S IT  
FEEL LIKE TO BE  
GOING HOME, SARGE?  
NO ANSWER WAS THE  
STERN REPLY! COR,  
YOU'RE THE STRONG  
SILENT TYPE AND NO  
MISTAKE. MIGHT AS  
WELL TALK TO  
MYSELF!

THE BLOOD OF NORSE RAIDERS COURSED THROUGH LARSON'S VEINS, BUT HIS THOUGHTS WERE OF A TIME LESS DISTANT. WHEN HE DID SPEAK, HIS WORDS WERE BITTER . . .

IT WAS MY  
HOME ONCE, CORPORAL  
DODD, UNTIL THE NAZI  
MURDERERS CAME. I HAD A  
YOUNGER BROTHER THEN  
... NILS WAS HIS NAME...  
THEY SHOT HIM LIKE  
A DOG!



# The Fires Of Hate

CORPORAL DODD HAD FOUGHT ALONGSIDE LARSON ON A SCORE OF COMMANDO RAIDS... AND NEVER BEFORE HAD THE TACITURN NORWEGIAN ALLOWED HIS SELF-IMPOSED MASK TO SLIP.

TAKE IT EASY, SARGE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE NOSEY... HOW WAS I TO KNOW? BUT YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO HIT BACK AT THE NAZIS NOW!

THERE'S ONE PARTICULAR NAZI I HAVE IN MIND... IF I SHOULD MEET HIM AGAIN...



A BRIGHT DAWN SUN WAS RISING BEHIND THE SNOW-CAPPED CRAGS OF NORWAY AS FOUR HURRICANES ROARED IN TO THEIR RENDEZVOUS...

OUR AIR COVER'S ON TIME. THAT'S HELVEFIORD AHEAD. HELL'S FIORD, YOU WOULD CALL IT.

HELL'S FIORD, IS IT? LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT RIGHTLY NAMED... FOR US!





HELVEFIORD LAY WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. THE SUDDEN VIOLENCE OF THE COMMANDO RAID SO FAR NORTH TOOK THE GERMAN GARRISON COMPLETELY UNAWARES. . .



MAKE READY  
MOORING LINES!

MOVE LIVELY,  
MEN. . .INDIVIDUAL  
FIRE AT ENEMY TARGETS!  
DON'T HANG AROUND  
ON THE QUAY!

THE COMMANDOS STORMED ASHORE WITH SERGEANT LARSON WELL TO THE FORE. THEIR AUTOMATIC FIRE RAKED THE JETTY BUT THE GERMANS WERE NOT SLOW TO HIT BACK FROM CONCRETE STRONGPOINTS.



SECURE  
THE JETTY!

PILL-BOX  
ON OUR RIGHT,  
SARGE!

I SEE IT  
...LET'S TAKE  
IT, DODD!



SEVERAL COMMANDOS HAD ALREADY BEEN CUT DOWN BY THE CONCEALED MACHINE-GUN AS LARSON HURLED HIMSELF ACROSS THE BULLET-SWEPT JETTY.

GIVE ME  
COVERING  
FIRE...



THE GERMAN GUNNER FAILED TO RANGE SWIFTLY OR ACCURATELY ENOUGH ON THE WEAVING NORWEGIAN. HIS GRENADE SHOT THROUGH THE FIRING SLIT OF THE PILL-BOX... AND, SECONDS LATER, A MUFFLED EXPLOSION SILENCED THE GERMAN GUN.

GOOD WORK,  
SERGEANT!





## The Fires Of Hate

7

THE GERMANS IN THE PORT AREA HAD RALLIED QUICKLY. WITH NAKED BAYONETS, THEY COUNTER-ATTACKED IN AN EFFORT TO DRIVE THE SMALL COMMANDO FORCE BACK INTO THE SEA. THAT WAS THE MOMENT FOR NORWEGIAN PARTISANS TO STRIKE AT THE ENEMY REAR. . .



TRAPPED BETWEEN CONVERGING FORCES, THE GERMANS RAPIDLY LOST ALL ENTHUSIASM FOR FIGHTING. RIFLES CLATTERED ON THE JETTY AND THE AIR FILLED WITH CRIES OF SURRENDER. SLOWLY, THE NOISE OF BATTLE DIED AWAY.





THE JETTY SECURED, ALLEN HAD URGENT BUSINESS WITH THE NORWEGIAN RESISTANCE LEADER, THOUGH THE RAMROD MAJOR HELD NO HIGH OPINION OF GUERRILLAS. HIS PREJUDICE PUT A SHARP EDGE TO HIS TONGUE . . .

OLAV JORGENS AT YOUR SERVICE, MAJOR. IT'S GOOD TO SEE JERRY RUN!

WE'RE PULLING OUT FAST, JORGENS! STRIKE AND VANISH . . . THAT'S THE COMMANDO METHOD . . .



WHILE COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIANS TRANSFERRED THE M.T.B.'S VITAL CARGO OF AMMUNITION, PETROL, AND FOOD TO THE LORRY, MAJOR ALLEN SPOKE HIS MIND.

THERE'S ONE THING I WON'T STAND FOR, JORGENS . . . PRIVATE VENDETTAS! THIS IS WAR AND I'LL SACRIFICE ANY MAN WHO RISKS MY MISSION FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL REVENGE!

VERY WELL, MAJOR . . . IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY.



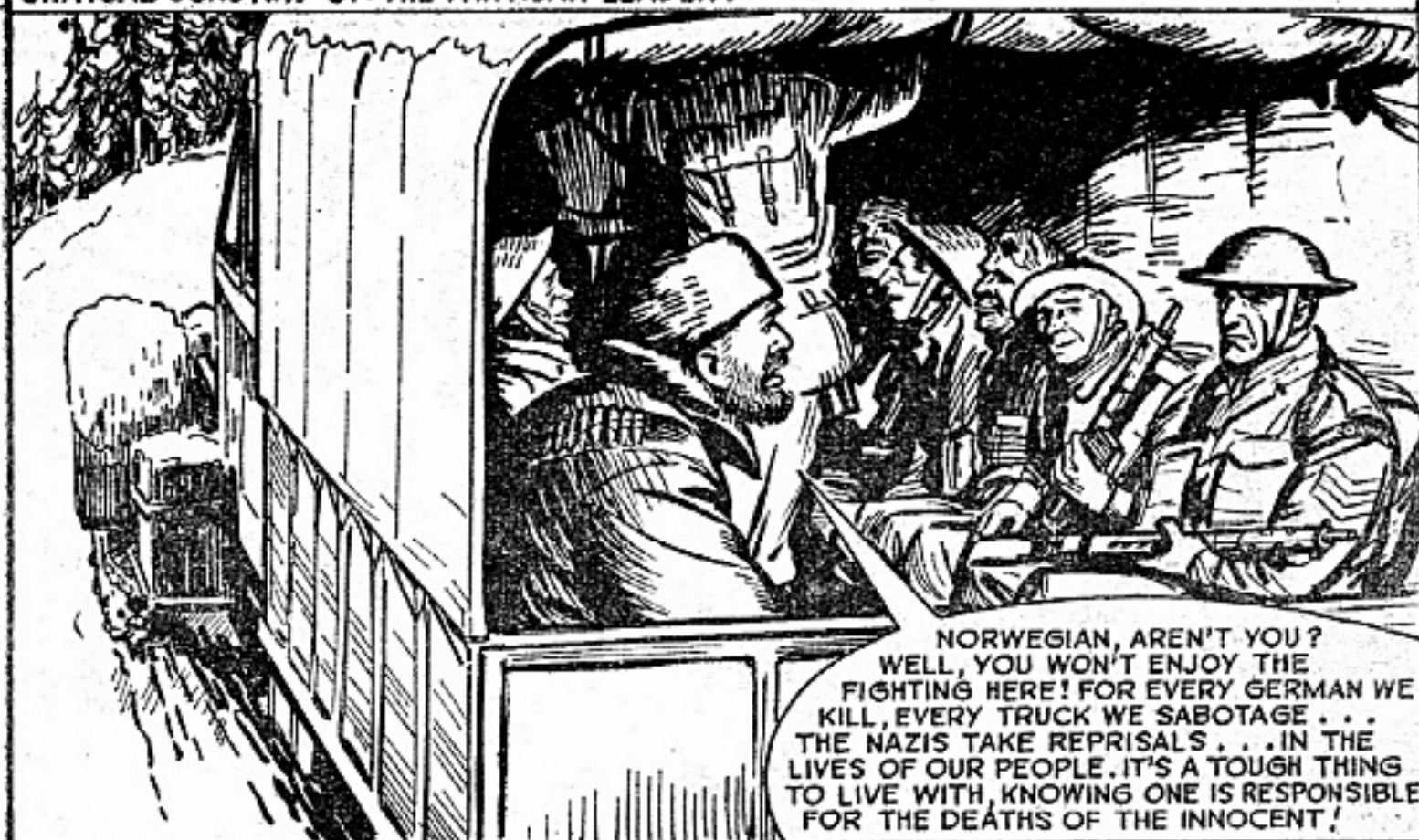
AS THE TWO M.T.B.'S, LOADED DOWN WITH GERMAN PRISONERS, TURNED BACK ACROSS THE GREY ATLANTIC, MAJOR ALLEN'S COMMANDOS TRAVELLED A LONG WINDING ROAD INTO SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS.





## The Fires Of Hate

EN ROUTE FOR THE RESISTANCE HIDEAWAY, SERGEANT LIEF LARSON FOUND HIMSELF UNDER CRITICAL SCRUTINY BY THE PARTISAN LEADER.



NORWEGIAN, AREN'T YOU?  
WELL, YOU WON'T ENJOY THE  
FIGHTING HERE! FOR EVERY GERMAN WE  
KILL, EVERY TRUCK WE SABOTAGE...  
THE NAZIS TAKE REPRISALS... IN THE  
LIVES OF OUR PEOPLE. IT'S A TOUGH THING  
TO LIVE WITH, KNOWING ONE IS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THE DEATHS OF THE INNOCENT!

AS LARSON LISTENED DRY-MOUTHED TO THE HARD WORDS OF OLAV JORGENSEN, HE HEARD A NAME THAT COMPLETELY SHATTERED HIS COMPOSURE AND FLUNG HIS THOUGHTS INTO TURMOIL.

YOUR BRITISH MAJOR IS A  
COLD ONE. NO VENDETTAS!  
HE HASN'T SEEN THE BEASTS  
AT WORK IN HIS OWN HOME.  
THERE IS ONE NAZI ABOVE  
ALL OTHERS ANSWERABLE  
FOR ALL THE PURGES IN  
NORWAY... A MAN  
CALLED STAHL!



STAHL!  
IS IT  
POSSIBLE?



# Chapter 2. SNIPER TARGET

IN A REMOTE MOUNTAIN CAVE, THE WEARY COMMANDOS RESTED FOR A WHILE. BUT LARSON COULD NOT RELAX NOW THAT HE WAS IN HIS OWN COUNTRY. . . IT HELD ONLY BITTER MEMORIES FOR HIM.

THIS IS MY LAND . . .  
AND I MUST SNEAK INTO IT  
AS IF I WERE A THIEF. THE  
FILTHY NAZIS SHALL  
PAY . . .

ALL RIGHT,  
COME AND GET IT!  
THIS AIN'T THE SAVOY,  
BUT THE GRUB IS  
BETTER!



LATER, MAJOR ALLEN BRIEFED HIS MEN ON THE PURPOSE OF THEIR MISSION. LARSON FORCED HIMSELF TO CONCENTRATE. HE WAS A SERGEANT OF BRITISH COMMANDOS, WITH A JOB TO DO.

JUNKERS EIGHTY-EIGHTS ARE BASED ON THE MILITARY AIRFIELD AT BARDUFOSSE . . . AND THAT IS OUR OBJECTIVE! WE'RE GOING TO STRIKE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN ADVANCE OF THE CONVOY, REDUCING THE RUNWAYS TO RUBBLE! **NO GERMAN BOMBER MUST TAKE OFF FROM BARDUFOSSE!**



IN FOUR DAYS' TIME THE LARGEST CONVOY EVER TO SAIL FOR RUSSIA WILL PASS BETWEEN THE NORTHERN TIP OF NORWAY AND THE ARCTIC ICE, BOUND FOR MURMANSK AND ARCHANGEL. JERRY PLANES WILL GIVE THOSE SHIPS HELL . . . **UNLESS WE STOP THEM!**



OLAV JORGENS LISTENED AND FELT HIS HEART GROW COLD. HE KNEW BARDUFOSS, KNEW ITS DEFENCES INTIMATELY . . .

BARDUFOSS! MAJOR... THAT PLACE IS THICK WITH GERMANS. WE ARE OUTNUMBERED MANY TIMES. YOU ARE ASKING US TO THROW AWAY OUR LIVES!

SURPRISE IS OUR MAIN WEAPON, JORGENS! WITH SURPRISE ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE! OUR JOB IS TO SEE THAT THAT CONVOY GOES THROUGH.



AS JORGENS PROTESTED AGAIN, THE MAJOR POURED SCORN ON THE PARTISAN LEADER. HIS ICY WORDS LASHED LIKE A WHIP.

I DO NOT LIKE THIS PLAN, MAJOR. IT SMELLS OF DEATH!

COLD FEET, JORGENS? WELL, YOU NEED ONLY SUPPLY A GUIDE... MY COMMANDOS WILL DO THE FIGHTING!





THE NORWEGIAN'S BEARDED FACE FLUSHED. HIS EYES SPARKED AND HIS VOICE WAS BARELY UNDER CONTROL.

WE WILL FIGHT WITH THE BRITISH, MAJOR, HAVE NO DOUBT ON THAT SCORE! WE SHALL FIGHT... AS WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING EVER SINCE THE GERMANS CAME TO OUR LAND.

AS MAJOR ALLEN SWUNG ON HIS HEEL AND STALKED OFF, LARSON GRABBED JORGENS' ARM. THE SERGEANT HAD A QUESTION HE WANTED ANSWERED.

STAHL! IS THAT THE SAME S.S. MAN WHO PURGED TRONDHEIM IN NINETEEN-FORTY?

THAT IS THE SWINE! YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, EH, SERGEANT?



BUT THE MAJOR'S EARS WERE KEEN AND HE DID NOT LIKE WHAT HE HEARD. HE TURNED BACK, SAVAGELY DETERMINED TO STAMP OUT ANY PRIVATE REVENGE PARTY BEFORE IT STARTED.



HEARD OF HIM!  
I KNOW WHAT  
HE . . .

SERGEANT!  
EXACTLY WHAT IS  
THIS MAN STAHL  
TO YOU?

SERGEANT LARSON SPUN ROUND, TAWNY FLECKS OF LIGHT FLICKERING IN HIS EYES...



I CAN  
FIND STAHL  
FOR YOU. . .

YOU REALLY WANT TO  
KNOW, MAJOR? I'LL TELL  
YOU...HAUPTMANN STAHL  
MURDERED MY YOUNG  
BROTHER, NILS, AND IF I  
GET A CHANCE AT  
HIM I'LL TAKE IT!

MAJOR ALLEN'S HAND DROPPED TO THE HOLSTER OF HIS PISTOL . . .



KEEP OUT OF THIS, JORGENSE!  
SERGEANT LARSON, I'M GIVING YOU  
A DIRECT ORDER . . . **FORGET  
STAHL!** THE JOB WE'VE BEEN  
SENT HERE TO DO IS MORE  
IMPORTANT . . . MUCH  
MORE IMPORTANT!



WE'RE AT WAR TO FIGHT NAZIS, MAJOR. HAUPTMANN STAHL REPRESENTS THE BESTIALITY WE'RE TRYING TO STAMP OUT. KILL ALL THE STAHL'S OF THIS WORLD AND WE'VE WON!

NO, YOU'RE WRONG, SERGEANT, TERRIBLY WRONG! IF MEN LIKE YOU WASTE THEIR TIME KILLING INDIVIDUAL GERMANS OUT OF REVENGE, THEN THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE WILL GO OVER US LIKE A STEAM-ROLLER. THIS IS TOTAL WAR... NOT A FAMILY VENDETTA! YOUR WAY, WE'D LOSE FOR SURE!



BUT NEITHER LARSON NOR JORGENS. WAS CONVINCED. WHEN THE MAJOR LEFT THEM, THEIR VOICES DROPPED TO THE WHISPER OF CONSPIRATORS..

YOUR MAJOR HAS DONE ALL HIS FIGHTING AWAY FROM HOME, OR HE WOULDN'T TALK LIKE THAT!

AS I SAID, I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE WHEN IT COMES...



CORPORAL DODD STIRRED UNEASILY. HE LIKED THE TOUGH NORWEGIAN SERGEANT. THIS WAS DANGEROUS TALK.

I'LL HELP WHEN THE TIME COMES.

TAKE IT EASY, SARGE. COULD BE THE MAJOR'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW!



THAT NIGHT, SLEEP DID NOT COME EASILY TO SERGEANT LARSON. WHEN IT DID, NIGHTMARISH DREAMS WOKE HIM, SWEATING, TO A DAWN BELOW ZERO.

DEVIL TAKE THE MAJOR... NOTHING ON EARTH CAN STOP ME TRYING TO GET STAHL IF I EVER GET WITHIN REACH OF HIM!





THE GRIM MOUNTAINS, OUTLINED AGAINST A WATERY SUN, WERE OBSCURED BY FALLING SNOW AS THE MAJOR GAVE HIS MEN THEIR MARCHING ORDERS.



WITH JORGENS PATHFINDING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS AT THEIR HEAD, MAJOR ALLEN'S MIXED PARTY OF COMMANDOS AND PARTISANS BEGAN THEIR ARDUOUS TREK TO BARDUFOSS AIRFIELD.



FOR CORPORAL DODD, MORE USED TO THE HEAT OF COMBAT, THE BITTER COLD OF THE NORTH WAS A SORE TRIAL.

THIS AIN'T MY IDEA OF A LIVING, SARGE. WHAT AN ICEBERG OF A PLACE... AND YOU CALL IT HOME!

YOU'LL GET USED TO IT... YOU MIGHT EVEN GET TO LIKE IT!



SUDDENLY THE RESISTANCE LEADER RAISED HIS ARM AND THE COMMANDOS STOPPED, TENSED FOR ACTION. THROUGH THE SWIRLING SNOW, THE MAJOR GLIMPSED THE MENACING ANGULAR OUTLINE OF A GERMAN ARMoured CAR.

HANG IT! THIS COULD BE DISASTROUS... I WANTED TO AVOID AN ACTION...

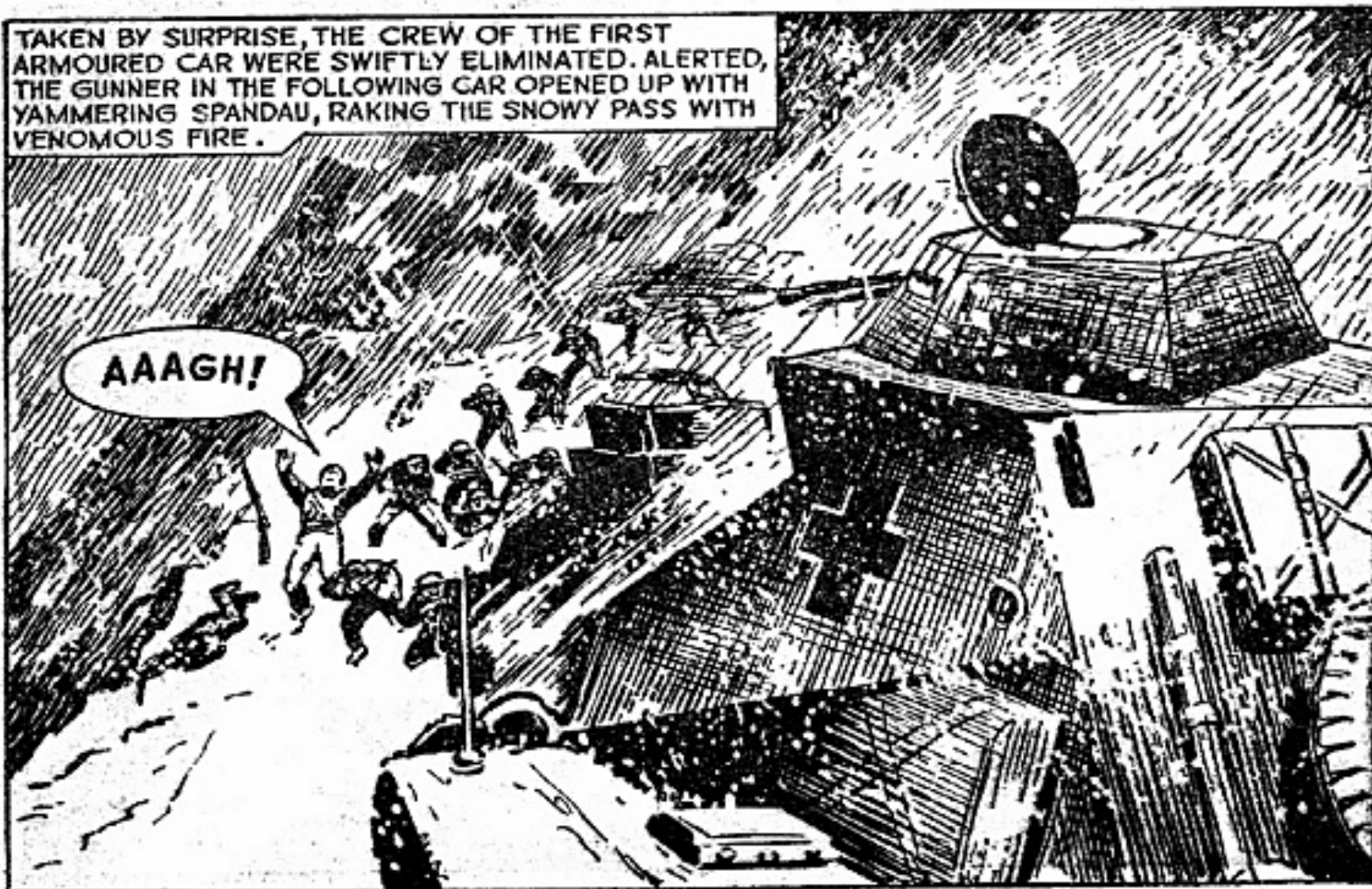




WITH MOUNTAIN WALL ON ONE SIDE, RAVINE ON THE OTHER, THERE WAS NO HIDING PLACE. MAJOR ALLEN WAS FORCED TO ATTACK...



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE CREW OF THE FIRST ARMoured CAR WERE SWIFTLY ELIMINATED. ALERTED, THE GUNNER IN THE FOLLOWING CAR OPENED UP WITH YAMMERING SPANDAU, RAKING THE SNOWY PASS WITH VENOMOUS FIRE.



BULLETS CLAWING AT HIM, SERGEANT LARSON RACED FORWARD. HE SPRANG ON TO THE GERMAN CAR AND PUSHED THE BARREL OF HIS TOMMY-GUN DOWN . . . INSIDE.

A TASTE OF  
YOUR OWN  
MEDICINE, NAZI!



HOT BLOOD POUNDING IN HIS HEAD, REVENGE GNAWING AT HIS HEART, LARSON NEVER HEARD THE GERMAN SCREAM FOR MERCY.

NEIN,  
NEIN!  
HAVE MERCY...





HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER  
... AND A STREAM OF LEAD RIDDLED  
THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR.



MEANWHILE, THE THIRD CAR IN THE PATROL  
HAD TRIED TO REVERSE BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED  
IN JAMMING THE NARROW PASS. FRANTICALLY,  
ITS TURRET BEGAN TO TRAVERSE ... BUT  
CORPORAL DODD WAS MOVING TOWARDS  
IT ... FAST!



THE CORPORAL'S MILLS GRENADE WAS SKILFULLY THROWN AND A SHEET OF FLAME ERUPTED UPWARDS CLOSE BESIDE THE WHEELS. THE GERMAN CAR ROCKED IN THE BLAST.



NEXT MOMENT, THE COMMANDOS CLOSED ON THE VEHICLE. MUSCLES STRAINED . . . AND THE THIRD AND LAST CAR OF THAT ILL-FATED GERMAN PATROL WAS MAN-HANDLED OVER THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE . . .

OVER SHE GOES! SO MUCH FOR JERRY'S PANZER CORPS... JUST SCRAP METAL ONCE WE GET AT THEM!





THE PASS WAS NOW CLEAR FOR MAJOR ALLEN TO PROCEED TOWARDS BARDUFOSS. BUT, FIRST HE HAD AN UGLY DUTY TO PERFORM.

LEAVE YOUR DEAD WHERE THEY ARE, JORGENSEN! ONLY THE BRITISH MAY BE BURIED. IT IS ESSENTIAL THE ENEMY BELIEVE THIS WAS STRICTLY A PARTISAN AMBUSH.

MY MEN WON'T LIKE THAT, MAJOR!



THE HARD-HEADED MAJOR WOULD MAKE NO CONCESSION. . .

I DON'T LIKE IT, EITHER! BUT IF JERRY GETS THE IDEA BRITISH COMMANDOS ARE ANYWHERE NEAR BARDUFOSS, THEIR DEFENCES WILL BE ALERTED. OUR ONLY REAL CHANCE OF SUCCESS LIES IN SURPRISE. LOSE THAT ADVANTAGE AND WE FAIL TO PROTECT THE CONVOY!



THE COMMANDOS CARRIED AWAY THEIR DEAD AND BURIED THEM IN A DEEP SNOW-DRIFT SO THAT ALL SIGNS OF THE BRITISH PART IN THE RAID WERE DESTROYED.

IT IS NOT RIGHT TO LEAVE OUR DEAD FOR THE NAZI VULTURES.

NO, IT IS NOT RIGHT, BUT IT IS NECESSARY.



BUT THE PARTISANS MUTTERED ANGRILY AMONGST THEMSELVES AND ONE PUSHED BOLDLY FORWARD AS SPOKESMAN . . .

NEVER BEFORE HAVE OUR DEAD COMRADES BEEN LEFT UNBURIED. MUST WE ALWAYS ASK PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH BEFORE WE DO ANYTHING? ARE WE NOT FIGHTING THE NAZI INVADER, TOO? IS THIS NOT OUR HOMELAND?

OLAV JORGENS, TOO, HAD THE RARE GIFT OF LEADERSHIP. HE SMILED GENTLY AND TOOK THE PARTISAN ASIDE. . .

SOFTLY, SVEN! THE BRITISH ARE OUR ALLIES AGAINST THE NAZIS. THEY HAVE CROSSED THE SEA TO HELP US. WE MUST FALL IN WITH THE MAJOR'S WISHES . . . FOR THE MOMENT!





SO THE COMMANDOS WENT ON AGAIN THROUGH HIGH, SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS. BY NIGHTFALL, THEY WERE TO REACH A NEW HIDEAWAY KNOWN ONLY TO THE RESISTANCE.



THERE IN A ROCK-STREWN GULLY SCREENED BY TALL FIR TREES, THEY BIVOUQUED. SERGEANT LARSON, ON A ROUTINE TOUR OF INSPECTION, ARRIVED AT THE LOWER END OF THE GULLY WHEN A FIGURE APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

JORGENS  
... OLAV  
JORGENS?

KEEP HIM  
COVERED!



LARSON MOVED AS SILENTLY AS A PHANTOM THROUGH THE SHADOWS UNTIL HE CAME UP BEHIND THE LONE MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN PATH. HE JABBED THE AUTOMATIC INTO THE SMALL OF THE NEWCOMER'S BACK.

ALL RIGHT, FRIEND, JUST KEEP GOING STRAIGHT AHEAD AND YOU'LL FIND JORGENS. FOR YOUR SAKE I HOPE HE'LL KNOW YOU!

I'M NO QUISLING!

THE SERGEANT MARCHED HIS PRISONER ALONG THE GULLY AND INTO THE FLICKERING LIGHT OF A CAMP FIRE.

YOU HAVE A VISITOR, JORGENS!


OLAV, TELL THIS SOLDIER TO TAKE HIS GUN AWAY, PLEASE.

KRISTIAN!  
THE NEWS MUST BE BAD TO BRING YOU HERE... ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT, I KNOW THIS MAN!






KRISTIAN AMUNDSEN WAS THE SCHOOLMASTER IN THE TINY VILLAGE OF HALSBERG. THE ELDERLY MAN'S FACE WAS LINED WITH DISTRESS.



THE NEWS IS BAD, OLAV. TERROR HAS COME TO OUR VILLAGE. THE HAUPTMANN STAHL AND HIS S.S. GANG OF VULTURES HAVE DESCENDED... TOMORROW THE PURGE COMMENCES!

LARSON STOPPED DEAD IN HIS TRACKS AS THAT HATED NAME RANG AGAIN IN HIS EARS.



IT SEEMS THAT YOU AMBUSHED SOME GERMANS. THERE ARE TO BE REPRISALS... EVEN THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE NOT SAFE. YOU MUST HELP, OLAV. I IMPORE YOU TO STOP WHAT THREATENS TO BE A MASSACRE!

HAUPTMANN STAHL!

THE GRIM TALE OF KRISTIAN AMUNDSEN BROUGHT AN ANGRY MUTTER OF ANXIETY FROM THOSE WHO HEARD IT. BUT ONE MAN, MAJOR ALLEN... REMAINED TOTALLY UNMOVED.

OF COURSE WE'LL STOP IT, KRISTIAN! WE'LL ATTACK AT DAWN, EH, MAJOR? THIS IS A FINE CHANCE TO CUT DOWN THOSE NAZI RATS.

NO, JORGENS, WE SHALL DO NO SUCH THING! WE HAVE A JOB TO DO AND NOTHING... I REPEAT, **NOTHING...** CAN BE ALLOWED TO INTERFERE WITH THAT.

LARSON'S EYES BLAZED AT THE MAJOR'S WORDS. HE TOOK A STEP FORWARD, THE BLOOD SINGING IN HIS HEAD.


YOU DON'T REALISE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING, MAJOR! YOU ARE CONDEMNING A WHOLE VILLAGE TO DEATH. THESE PEOPLE ARE OUR FRIENDS... THEY DIE BECAUSE OF US. THEIR DEATHS WILL BE UPON OUR HEADS!

I SAID 'NO' AND I MEAN 'NO'. I'M DEEPLY SORRY FOR THE VILLAGE... BUT OUR MISSION **MUST** COME FIRST.






THEN I'LL  
GO ALONE!



**YOU WILL NOT, SERGEANT!**  
IF YOU'RE CAUGHT IN BRITISH  
UNIFORM, WE LOSE THE ADVANTAGE  
OF SURPRISE. THE RAID WILL BE  
AN UTTER FAILURE . . . AND IT  
WILL BE YOUR OWN COMRADES  
WHO WILL SUFFER THROUGH  
YOUR SELFISH ACTION!

MAJOR ALLEN TURNED TO THE SCHOOLMASTER  
OF HALSBERG. HIS VOICE WAS WITHOUT EMOTION. . .



I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT WE ARE  
UNDER ORDERS. OUR MISSION IS  
VITAL AND THE CONSEQUENCES  
OF OUR INTERFERENCE WOULD  
BE DISASTROUS. I REGRET  
WE CANNOT ASSIST YOU.

I UNDERSTAND, MAJOR. IT  
IS WAR . . . AND SACRIFICES  
MUST BE MADE!

LONG AFTERWARDS, SERGEANT LARSON LAY SLEEPLESS UNDER THE STARS, WHILE JORGENS WHISPERED IN HIS EAR FIERCE INCITEMENTS TO VENGEANCE.

ONE DETERMINED MAN WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE AND TELESCOPIC SIGHT COULD GET STAHL. WITHOUT HIM THE NAZI RABBLE WILL PANIC.

YOU'RE RIGHT, OLAV! THIS IS MY COUNTRY AND HEAVEN KNOWS I HAVE ENOUGH CAUSE TO SEE THE SWINE DEAD. I SHALL LEAVE BEFORE DAWN...

JUST BEFORE DAYBREAK, LIEF LARSON SLIPPED OUT OF THE GULLY ON HIS JOURNEY ACROSS THE FROZEN WASTES TOWARDS HALSBERG.


YOU CAN RELY ON THIS MAUSER... IT IS A FINE WEAPON. YOU'LL SEE THE VILLAGE IN THE VALLEY BEYOND THE HILLS IN THE WEST. GOOD HUNTING, FRIEND... MAY YOUR AIM BE TRUE!





BUT HE DID NOT GO UNOBSERVED. CORPORAL DODD, ROUSED BY THE BITTER COLD THAT ATE INTO THE BONES, SAW HIS SERGEANT GLIDE AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS. HE HAD NO DOUBT WHAT WAS IN LARSON'S MIND.


THE STUPID CLOT!  
I MUST WARN THE  
MAJOR...WHAT  
ELSE CAN I DO?



MAJOR ALLEN LISTENED IN A FURY  
TO THE CORPORAL'S NEWS.

SIR! I'VE JUST SEEN SERGEANT LARSON  
GO DOWN THE TRAIL... RECKON HE'S  
FIXING TO LAY FOR STAHL! JORGENS  
GAVE HIM A GUN WITH TELESCOPIC  
SIGHTS...

JORGENS!  
I'LL...WHERE  
IS HE?



THE MAJOR RAGED AT THE RESISTANCE LEADER BUT OLAV JORGENS GRINNED AND TREATED IT AS A HUGE JOKE.

YOU...IMBECILE!  
I KNEW I SHOULD NEVER  
TRUST GUERRILLAS. I'VE  
A GOOD MIND TO...

IT'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT, MAJOR. YOUR  
SERGEANT WILL BE BACK  
AS SOON AS HE HAS  
ATTENDED TO HAUPTMANN  
STAHL. THEN WE CAN  
GO TO BARDUFOSSE!  
WHY WORRY ABOUT IT?

YOU FOOL, JORGENS! YOU SEE  
NOTHING BUT THE TROUBLES IN  
YOUR OWN BACKYARD. THERE'S A  
CONVOY COMING THROUGH...  
SHIPS, SAILORS, VITAL MUNITIONS  
FOR THE EASTERN FRONT. IF  
LARSON PUTS A FOOT WRONG,  
**THAT CONVOY  
IS DOOMED!**



THE MAJOR TURNED TO  
CORPORAL DODD . . .

COME WITH ME,  
CORPORAL. WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND LARSON AND  
BRING HIM BACK.

VERY  
GOOD, SIR!

YOU WILL  
BE TOO LATE,  
MAJOR!

OUTSIDE THE SHELTER OF THE GULLY, ICY WIND LASHED THE  
FACES OF THE TWO MEN. ALREADY, THAT WIND CARRIED THE  
FIRST FLAKES OF ANOTHER SNOWFALL.

I DON'T FANCY OUR  
CHANCES MUCH IF THIS  
SNOW KEEPS ON, SIR.  
LARSON'S NORWEGIAN  
. . . HE'S USED TO THIS  
WEATHER.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND  
HIM BEFORE THE JERRIES  
DO, CORPORAL.  
WE'VE GOT TO!

LARSON HAD FORGOTTEN HE WAS A SERGEANT OF BRITISH COMMANDOS. THE SNIPER'S RIFLE LAY HEAVY IN HIS HANDS AND A BURNING DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE DROVE HIM RELENTLESSLY UNTIL HE CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS OBJECTIVE.

AT LAST, NILS,  
THE TIME OF RECKONING  
IS AT HAND. . . THE  
MURDERER STAHL  
IS ABOUT TO DIE!



HE MOVED STEALTHILY DOWN THE HILLSIDE, USING EVERY SCRAP OF COVER, UNTIL HE REACHED A POSITION THAT COMMANDED THE MAIN SQUARE OF THE VILLAGE.





## The Fires Of Hate

HE DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT. WITH THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN, BLACK-CLAD S.S. MEN ROUNDED UP THEIR VICTIMS AND HERDED THEM INTO THE SQUARE AS IF THEY WERE ANIMALS BOUND FOR THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.



TREN HAUPTMANN STAHL STEPPED FROM A CAR THAT PULLED INTO THE SQUARE. EVEN AT THAT DISTANCE, LARSON RECOGNISED THE SCRAWNY VULTURE OF A MAN AND TREMBLED WITH THE HATRED THAT WAS WITHIN HIM.



WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT OF WILL, HE TOOK CONTROL OF HIMSELF, SLOWLY LIFTING THE RIFLE UNTIL THE CROSS-SIGHT WAS CENTRED ON HIS BROTHER'S KILLER. HE TOOK FIRST PRESSURE . . .

NILS . . .  
THE MOMENT  
HAS COME!

HAUPTMANN STAHL TURNED TO STARE UP THE HILL, ALMOST AS IF HE COULD SEE THE HIDDEN SNIPER FAR ABOVE. LARSON LINGERED A MOMENT, SAVOURING HIS VENGEANCE . . .



BUT HE LINGERED TOO LONG. HAUPTMANN STAHL KNEW WELL THE DANGER FROM A LURKING SNIPER AND NEVER VENTURED INTO THE OPEN WITHOUT FIRST DISPATCHING PATROLS TO SEARCH THE COUNTRYSIDE. ONE SUCH PATROL WAS BEHIND LARSON AT THAT MOMENT.





LARSON'S CONCENTRATION WAS SHATTERED BY THAT STACCATO COMMAND BEHIND HIM. HIS HAND WAVERED A FRACTION OF AN INCH . . . AND HIS BULLET PLOUGHED INTO THE SNOW AT STAHL'S JACKBOOTED FEET.



THE COMMANDO DID NOT GET A SECOND SHOT AT HIS ENEMY. AS STAHL SCUTTLED FOR COVER, GERMAN TRACER BUZZED ABOUT LARSON'S HEAD. HE FLUNG HIMSELF SIDWAYS AND BLASTED A SHOT INTO THE GERMAN PATROL.

KEEP LOW  
... THE CUR  
CAN SHOOT!



AT THAT MOMENT, MAJOR ALLEN AND CORPORAL DODD CAME OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL. THE POSITION COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WORSE. LARSON WAS TRAPPED... AND THE ENEMY WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO IDENTIFY HIS UNIFORM.

NOT ONE OF THEM  
MUST ESCAPE, CORPORAL.  
THAT PATROL MUST BE  
WIPE OUT TO A MAN!



CORPORAL DODD'S TOMMY-GUN JUDDERED AS IT SENT A HAIL OF BULLETS LASHING INTO THE GERMAN RANKS.

WE'VE GOT THEM...  
IF LARSON COVERS  
THEIR LINE OF  
RETREAT!





FOR A MOMENT, INDEED, IT LOOKED AS IF THEY MIGHT SUCCEED. THEN THE MAJOR GLIMPSED ONE OF THE GERMANS WORKING HIS WAY DOWN THE HILL TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

LARSON!  
DROP THAT  
MAN!



LARSON RAISED HIS RIFLE, SIGHTED FOR THE KILL... JUST AS A SECOND ENEMY PATROL CAME UP ON HIS FLANK.

ENGLANDERS! FRANZ, BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND WARN HERR HAUPTMANN AT ONCE. THE AIRFIELD AT BARDUFOSSE MUST BE ALERTED!



JA, HERR  
LEUTNANT.

GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS WERE ALREADY POURING FROM THE VILLAGE. THE MAJOR CURSED BITTERLY... THE SITUATION WAS FAST GETTING OUT OF HAND.

IT'S NO GOOD, SIR... WON'T BE HEALTHY AROUND HERE MUCH LONGER.

YOU'RE RIGHT, CORPORAL, WE'LL HAVE TO PULL OUT! LARSON, RUN FOR IT!



LARSON BROKE FROM HIS SHALLOW COVER AND MADE A WILD DASH TOWARDS MAJOR ALLEN AND THE CORPORAL. A VICIOUS BURST OF GUNFIRE FOLLOWED HIM...



KEEP GOING, SARGE... I'M COVERING YOU!



THE BULLETS MEANT FOR SERGEANT LARSON MISSED HIM BY SCANT INCHES . . . AND LODGED IN THE THIN BODY OF CORPORAL DODD.

DODD!  
NO...



WHEN LARSON REACHED HIM, THE CORPORAL WAS ALREADY DEAD. BITTER REGRET AT HIS FOLLY FLOODED THE NORWEGIAN COMMANDO. A GOOD MAN HAD DIED . . . FOR NOTHING.

IF I HADN'T  
DISOBEYED ORDERS  
. . . IF I HADN'T  
GONE AFTER  
STAHL . . . DODD  
WOULD BE  
ALIVE NOW.



MAJOR ALLEN SNATCHED UP DODD'S TOMMY-GUN AND TURNED IT ON THE ADVANCING GERMAN PATROL. HIS FIRST SAVAGE BURST SENT THEM DIVING FOR COVER AGAIN.

THIS MESS IS YOUR FAULT, SERGEANT...WE'LL HAVE TO RETREAT! LEAVE THE CORPORAL. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM.



TOGETHER, THE MAJOR AND SERGEANT LARSON PLUNGED HEADLONG DOWN THE SNOW-BANK. DESPERATION GAVE THEM A FURIOUS ENERGY THAT OUTSTRIPPED THEIR PURSUERS.

I'LL DROP BACK AND HOLD THEM OFF, SIR. YOU GO AHEAD AND WARN THE OTHERS.

YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, SERGEANT! I'VE NO MEN TO SPARE FOR MOCK HEROICS!





THE NORTH WIND WHIPPED A FLURRY OF SNOW OUT OF THE LEADEN-GREY SKY AND THE MAJOR'S HOPES ROSE . . . BUT THE ARCTIC HAD ITS OWN DANGERS.

THIS SNOW COULD SAVE US . . . THAT IS, IF WE EVER FIND THE GULLY AGAIN. OUR TRACKS ARE DISAPPEARING FAST.

I CAN FIND IT, SIR.

LARSON'S SENSE OF DIRECTION WAS SURE. HE LED THE MAJOR STRAIGHT TO A NARROW NECK BETWEEN THE ROCKS, LEADING INTO THE GULLY.

WHERE'S THE CORPORAL?

DEAD . . . AND JERRY'S HARD AT OUR HEELS! IF YOU FOOLS HADN'T IGNORED MY ORDERS WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS FIX!



DON'T BLAME ANYONE ELSE, MAJOR... IT WAS MY OWN IDEA TO GO AFTER STAHL.

DON'T WORRY, SERGEANT! YOU'LL FACE A COURT-MARTIAL WHEN... IF WE GET BACK!

THE MAJOR'S TEMPER, RIGIDLY HELD IN CHECK, SUDDENLY BOILED OVER. VIOLENCE DISTORTED HIS FACE AS HE TURNED FIERCELY ON LARSON.



... YOU HAVE BETRAYED US, LARSON! THE ENEMY KNOWS NOW THAT BRITISH COMMANDOS ARE NEAR BARDUFOSS. THE AIRFIELD DEFENCES WILL BE WAITING... WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! MANY OF US, IF NOT ALL, WILL DIE! THAT CONVOY MAY BE SHATTERED... AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR PETTY DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE.



## The Fires Of Hate

THE MAJOR'S VOICE CUT LIKE A KNIFE INTO LARSON'S CONSCIENCE. UNTIL THAT MOMENT, HE HAD THOUGHT ONLY OF CORPORAL DODD, LYING STIFF IN THE SNOW . . . NOW HE SAW THE ENORMITY OF HIS BETRAYAL.

GREAT HEAVENS!  
WHAT CAN I SAY  
. . . WHAT CAN  
I DO . . .

CONTEMPTUOUSLY, MAJOR ALLEN TURNED HIS BACK ON THE SERGEANT. . . AND BEGAN TO SNAP OUT FRESH ORDERS.

JORGENSEN, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE WHILE WE CAN. THE SNOW WILL COVER US. I WANT TO REACH THE HIGH GROUND ABOVE BARDUFOSSE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

VERY GOOD, MAJOR. WE'RE READY TO LEAVE.

THE COMMANDOS MOVED OUT INTO THE TEETH OF A RAGING BLIZZARD. HIS MIND STILL IN A DAZE, LARSON STUMBLED AND OLAV JORGENS REACHED OUT A SYMPATHETIC ARM TO HELP.

SORRY ABOUT THE CORPORAL. DON'T TAKE IT HARD. IF IT HAD TURNED OUT RIGHT...

BUT IT DIDN'T... IT DIDN'T!

SERGEANT LARSON MOVED LIKE A MAN IN A NIGHTMARE. THE ARDUOUS CLIMB, THE BLINDING SNOW, MEANT NOTHING TO HIM. HE LIVED IN A HELL COMPOUNDED OF HIS OWN GUILTY THOUGHTS.

I SAID I'D GET STAHL IF IT COST ME MY LIFE. BUT IT COST CORPORAL DODD HIS... AND MAYBE THE LIVES OF EVERY MAN IN THE UNIT!

THE SNOW FINALLY ABATED AS THEY APPROACHED THE HIGH GROUND BEHIND THE AIRFIELD. THEN A WARNING DRONE IN THE SKY BROUGHT THE MAJOR'S HEAD UP WITH A JERK.


WE ARE ALMOST THERE, MAJOR.

TAKE COVER! JERRY'S GOT A SPOTTING PLANE UP... LOOKING FOR US!



## The Fires Of Hate

THE COMMANDOS DIVED AMONG THE TREES AND FLATTENED THEMSELVES IN THE SNOW. MOTIONLESS, THEY WAITED FOR THE PLANE TO PASS.



HE DIDN'T  
SEE US. THERE'S  
NOTHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT.

I SINCERELY  
HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT,  
JORGENS. WE'LL KNOW AS  
SOON AS WE TAKE A LOOK  
OVER THE HILL!

ONCE THE DANGER FROM THE RECONNAISSANCE PLANE HAD PASSED, THE MAJOR, LARSON AND JORGENS SNAKED OVER TO THE CREST OF THE HILL AND STARED DOWN AT BARDUFOS'S AIRFIELD.

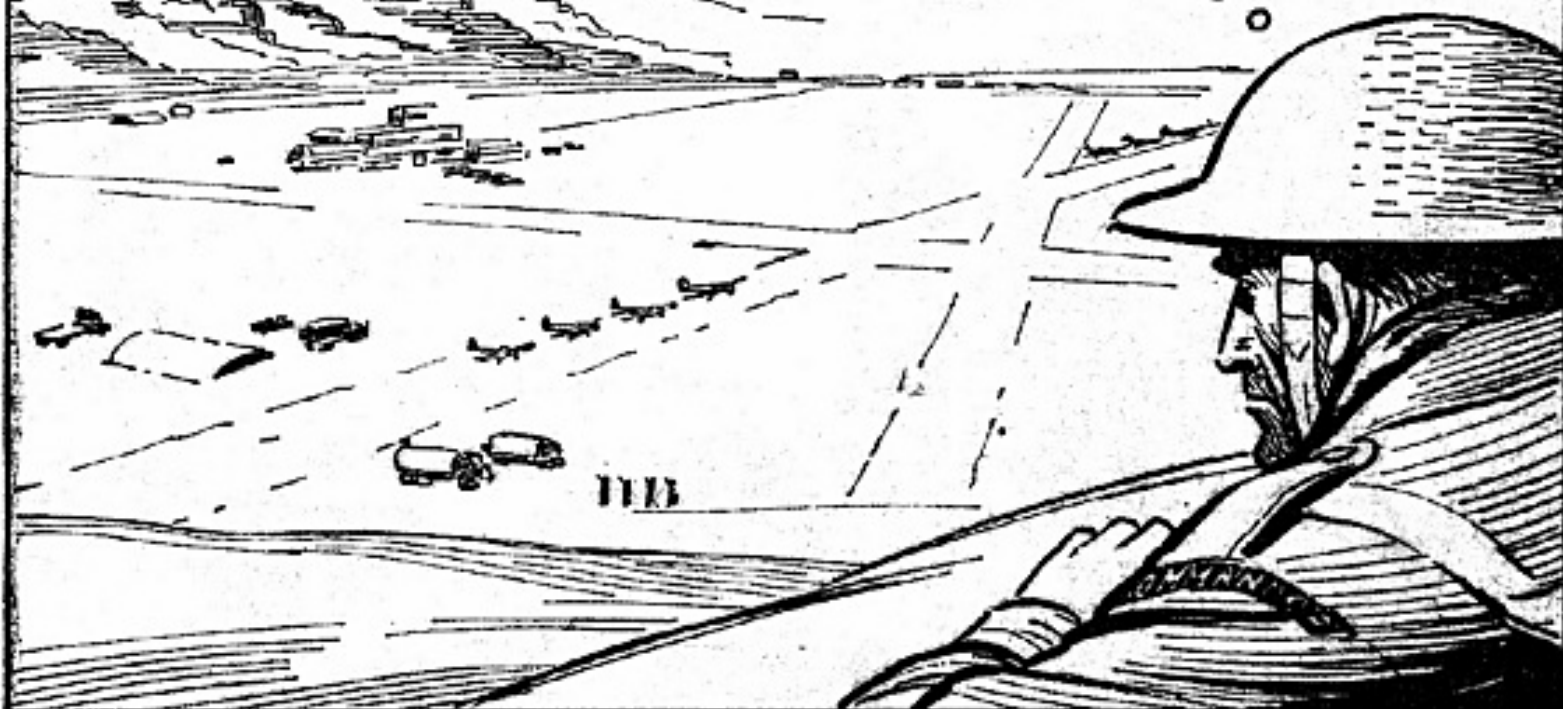


YES, THEY'RE  
WAITING FOR US,  
ALL RIGHT...

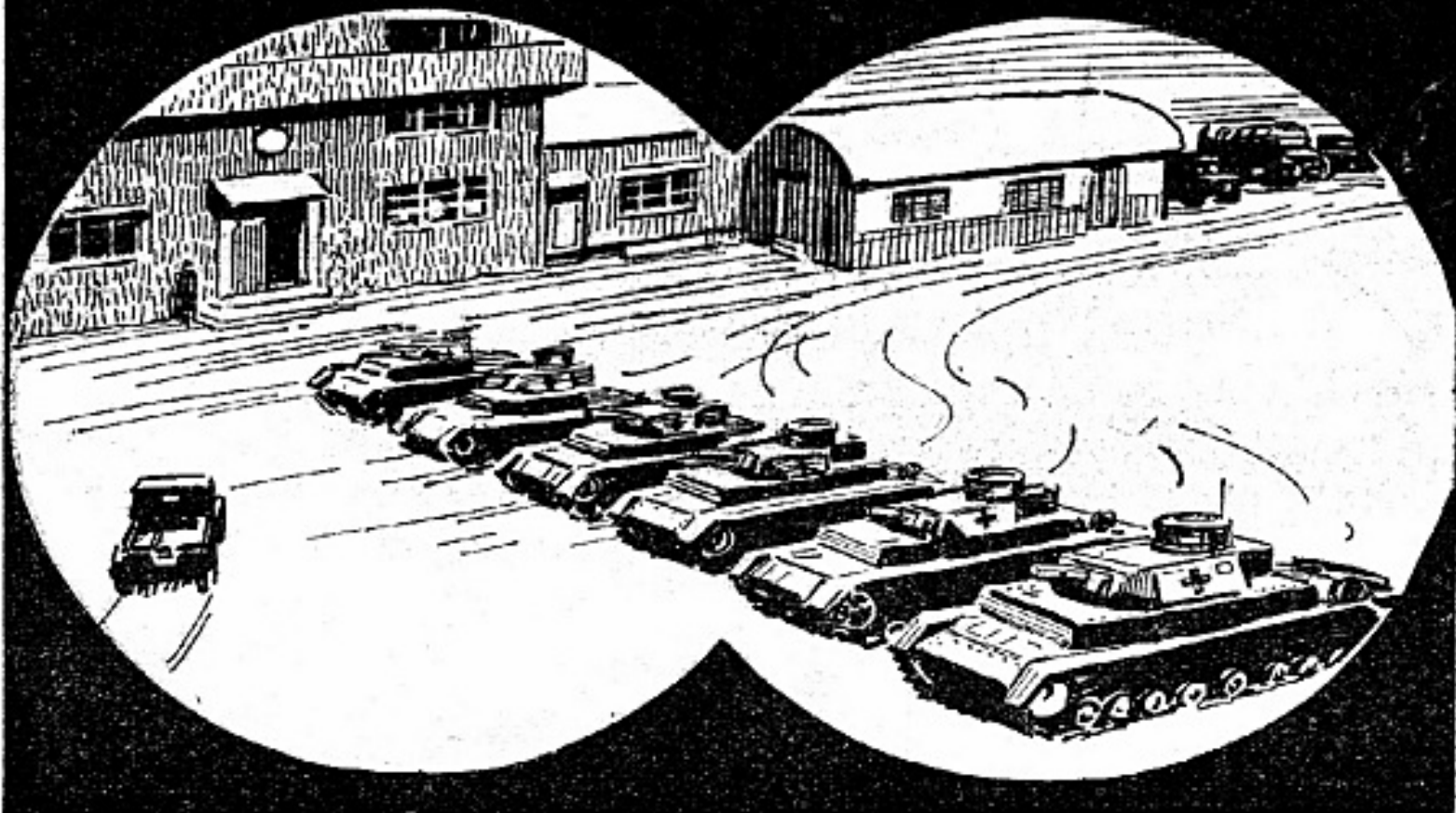
SEE THE  
ARMOUR BY  
THE CONTROL  
TOWER, MAJOR?

A STORM OF SELF-ACCUSATION SWEEPED LARSON AS HE STUDIED THE ALERTED GERMAN DEFENCES. HE SHUDDERED AS HE IMAGINED THE BOMBS SCREAMING DOWN ON ALLIED SHIPPING.

GUNS...TANKS...TROOPS!  
WE'VE LOST SURPRISE  
...AND IT'S ALL  
MY FAULT!




IT HAD BECOME A SUICIDE MISSION! THE SAME THOUGHT OCCURRED TO ALL THE MEN AS THEY STUDIED THEIR OBJECTIVE. THE CHANCES OF SURVIVAL FROM AN ASSAULT ON BARDUFOSS AIRFIELD MUST BE RATED AS NIL.






## Chapter 3. **BATTLE of BARDUFLOSS**

BACK AMONGST THE TREES, MAJOR ALLEN ADDRESSED HIS TOUGH, DESPERATE BAND OF COMMANDOS AND RAGGED PARTISANS. HIS RESOLUTE EXPRESSION BETRAYED NOTHING OF THE HOPELESSNESS HE FELT IN HIS HEART.



THIS IS THE SET-UP THEN. MARK FOUR TANKS BY THE TOWER. MACHINE-GUN NESTS ROUND THE PERIMETER. INFANTRY PATROLLING BETWEEN THE AIRCRAFT ... AND THEY'RE ALL WAITING FOR US!



BUT WE'RE GOING IN! THE CONVOY MUST BE GIVEN A CHANCE AND THOSE JUNKERS WOULD RIP IT TO SHREDS. MOONRISE IS AT TWO A.M. ... THAT WILL BE ZERO HOUR!

THE COMMANDOS LOOKED HARD AT MAJOR ALLEN BUT KEPT THEIR THOUGHTS TO THEMSELVES. ONE OF THE PARTISANS, HOWEVER, SPOKE UP CRITICALLY.

WE'LL BE  
WIPED OUT BEFORE  
WE DO ENOUGH  
DAMAGE TO  
MATTER!

SILENCE, SVEN!  
WHEN THE BRITISH  
ATTACK, WE GO  
WITH THEM.




AFTER A COLD MEAL, THE COMMANDOS STRETCHED OUT TO SNATCH WHAT UNEASY REST THEY COULD. BUT THE RESTLESS SERGEANT LARSON TURNED BACK TO THE HILL-TOP.

THE TANKS...THEY'RE THE  
MOST DANGEROUS THREAT OF  
ALL! IF I COULD KNOCK OUT  
THE TANKS, THE MAJOR  
MIGHT PULL IT OFF.






ACTING ON IMPULSE, THE NORWEGIAN SOUGHT OUT THE MAJOR AND OUTLINED A RECKLESS SCHEME.



SIR, I REQUEST PERMISSION TO MAKE A DIVERSION! WITH A HAVERSACK FULL OF GRENADES, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET AMONGST THOSE TANKS WITHOUT BEING SEEN. WITH LUCK, I COULD PUT MOST OF THEM OUT OF ACTION.

MAJOR ALLEN WAS SILENT A MOMENT WHILE HE REVIEWED THE SITUATION IN HIS MIND. THE SORTIE WAS A DESPERATE ONE... BUT THE SERGEANT MUST BE FEELING BAD ABOUT HIS EARLIER MISTAKE.



PERMISSION GRANTED, SERGEANT... AND GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

THE EARS OF OLAV JORGENSEN WERE SHARP. HE LUMBERED TO HIS FEET AND PADDED FORWARD. HIS WORDS WERE A FLAT STATEMENT THAT THE MAJOR COULD NOT CONTRADICT.

I SHALL GO WITH THE SERGEANT TO GIVE HIM COVERING FIRE IF HE NEEDS IT.

VERY WELL, JORGENSEN, I SHAN'T TRY TO STOP YOU.



AS DARKNESS DESCENDED ON THE FOREST, THE TWO NORWEGIANS MADE THEIR FINAL PREPARATIONS.

KEEP WELL BACK...DON'T LET THE SENTRIES SEE YOU, OLAV...THE TANKS ARE MINE!

AGREED! I'LL SHOOT THE SWINE OFF YOUR BACK WHEN THEY GET WIND OF YOU.





# The Fires Of Hate

AN HOUR BEFORE MOONRISE, THEY SLIPPED OVER THE HILL AND STARTED DOWN THE SNOW-COVERED SLOPES TOWARDS BARDUFLOSS.

I WOULD RATHER THEY WERE ON MY SIDE THAN AGAINST ME...FOR ALL THE HEADSTRONG MISTAKES THEY MAKE.

THE AIRFIELD LAY REVEALED IN THE FAINT STARLIGHT. LARSON STUDIED THEIR ROUTE AND MEMORISED IT. AS SOON AS CLOUD GAVE A DARK PERIOD, HE LED THE WAY ACROSS THE SNOW...



LIKE A PAIR OF GREY GHOSTS, THEY PASSED SILENTLY DOWN THE SLOPE, HEADING FOR THE AREA OF THE CONTROL TOWER ON THE EDGE OF THE AIRFIELD.

I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE ALONE, OLAV.

WATCH YOURSELF, SERGEANT. THERE'S A SENTRY AND THE COLD WILL HAVE KEPT HIM WIDE AWAKE.

A STRETCH OF FLAT OPEN GROUND SEPARATED THE COMMANDO SERGEANT FROM HIS VICTIM BUT THE SNOW MUFFLED HIS MOVEMENTS...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS QUICK AND QUIET!



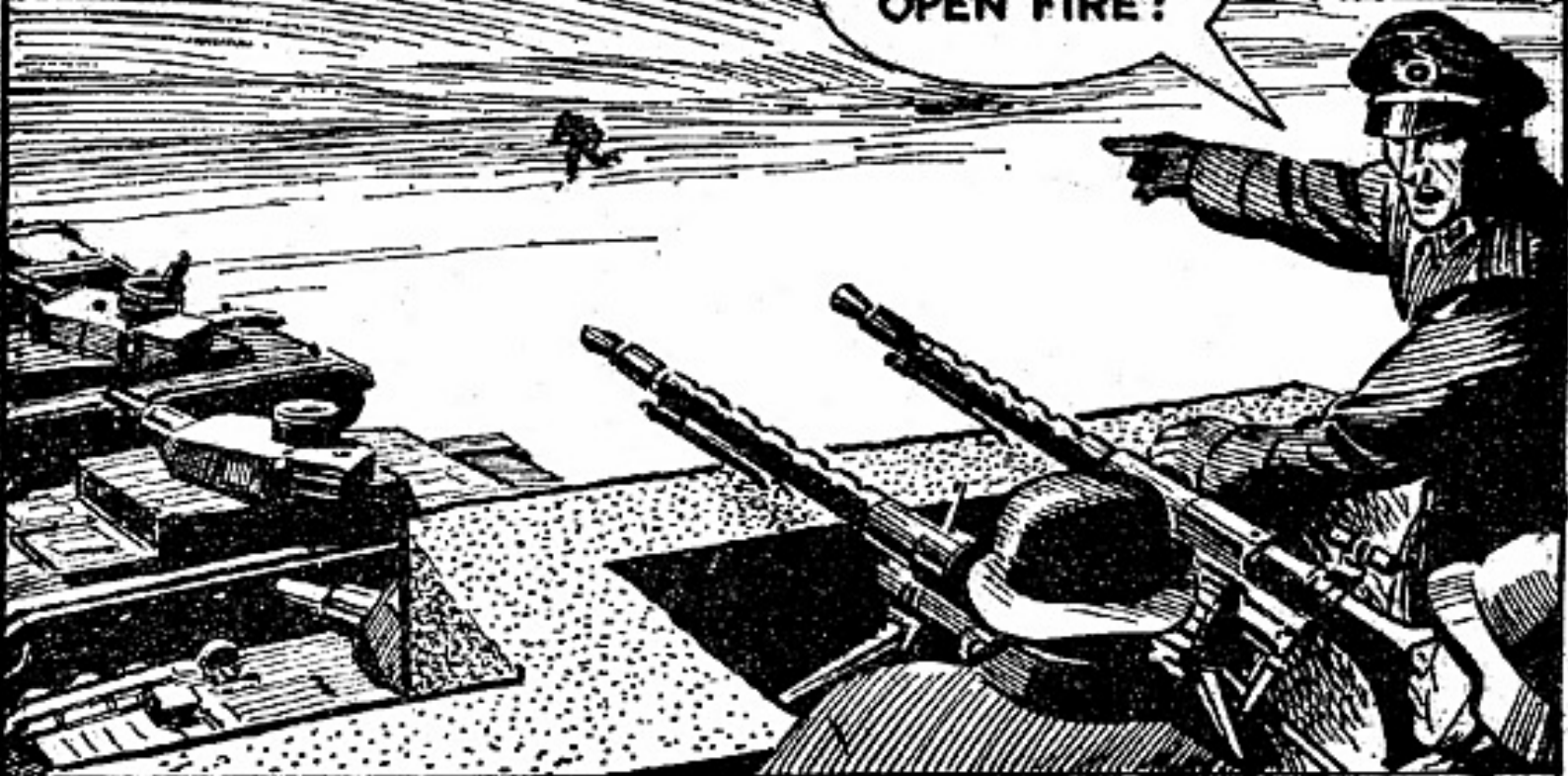


SOUNDLESSLY, LARSON POUNCED, HIS MUSCULAR ARM STIFLING THE SENTRY'S STARTLED CRY. . . A HAMMER BLOW WITH THE BUTT OF HIS REVOLVER DROPPED THE GERMAN TO THE SNOW.



NEXT MOMENT, LARSON WAS MOVING FAST TOWARDS THE GREAT STEEL HULKS. THIRTY TONS OF MECHANISED ARMOUR, THE SNOUTS OF THEIR SEVENTY-FIVE M.M. GUNS WERE RANGED ON THE SLOPES DOWN WHICH THE COMMANDOS MUST COME.

ACHTUNG!  
SOMEONE MOVES...  
OPEN FIRE!

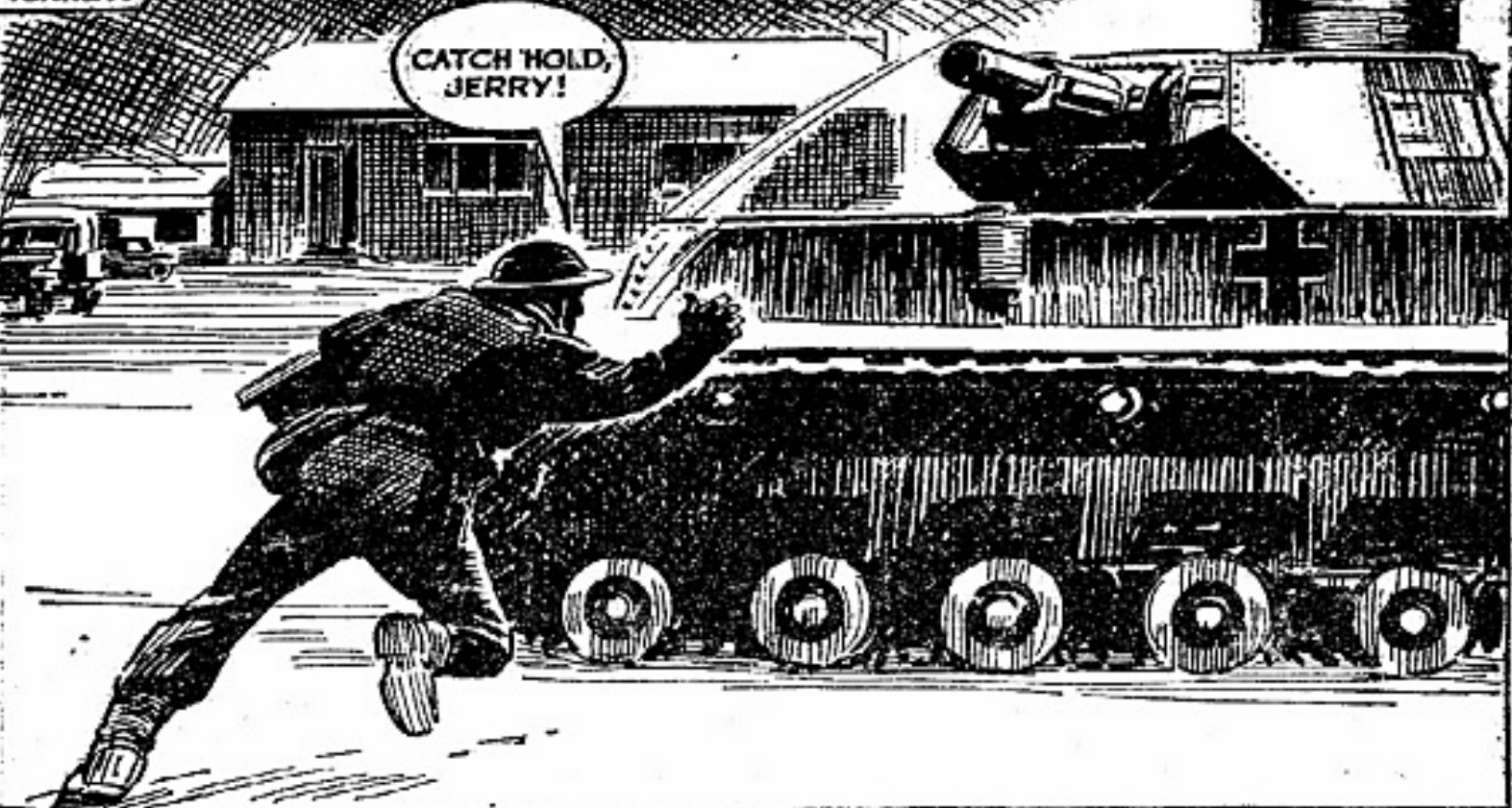


BULLETS SLAMMED OVER LARSON'S HEAD AS HE FUMBLING OPEN HIS COMBAT PACK. HIS FINGERS CURLED ROUND THE SERRATED EGG-SHAPE OF A MILLS GRENADE. . . WHILE JORGENS OPENED UP WITH HIS SUB-MACHINE GUN TO DISTRACT THE GERMANS' ATTENTION.



SERGEANT LARSON SPURTED FOR THE ROW OF MARK IVS, WHIPPING OUT THE SAFETY PIN OF HIS FIRST GRENADE. AS THE BIG GUN SWUNG ROUND, HE LOBBED THE BOMB INTO THE HALF-OPEN TURRET.

CATCH HOLD, JERRY!





THE GRENADE BURST INSIDE THE TANK AND ITS AMMUNITION BEGAN TO EXPLODE, TURNING THE ONCE-FORMIDABLE VEHICLE INTO A STEEL COFFIN.



ONE OF THE MARK IVS BROUGHT ITS MACHINE-GUNS TO BEAR. A BURST OF LEAD RIPPED PAST LARSON'S HEAD AS, WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, HE TOSSED ANOTHER GRENADE INTO THE MUZZLE OF A SEVENTY-FIVE M.M. GUN.



AS LARSON MOVED WITH DESPERATE URGENCY TOWARDS TWO MORE GERMAN TANKS, A LORRY-LOAD OF INFANTRY, ARMED WITH SCHEISSERS, ROARED ACROSS FROM THE GUARD-POST. JORGENS MET THEM WITH A BURST OF FIRE . . .



ITS DRIVER HIT, THE LORRY SWERVED VIOLENTLY OUT OF CONTROL AND RAMMED THE TANK COLUMN AT FULL SPEED. AS THE PETROL TANKS EXPLODED, THE SCENE OF CONFUSION WAS OUTLINED LURIDLY BY THE FLAMES.



SERGEANT LARSON HURLED THE LAST OF HIS BOMBS AS THE GERMANS RUSHED HIM. THEN THE HEAVY STEEL BUTT OF A SCHMEISSER CRASHED DOWN ON HIS HEAD . . . AND HE KNEW NO MORE.





## The Fires Of Hate

FROM HIS COVERING POSITION, OLAV JORGENSEN SAW LARSON GO DOWN. HE CHARGED FORWARD RECKLESSLY, UNTIL A BURST OF SPANDAUFIRE FROM THE CONTROL TOWER CUT HIM DOWN ALSO.



ON THE HILLS ABOVE BARDUFLOSS, WAITING FOR MOONRISE, MAJOR ALLEN HEARD THE RATTLE OF GUNFIRE AND THE EXPLOSIVE CRACK OF GRENADES. HE WAITED NO LONGER.



UNDER COVER OF THE DIVERSION CREATED BY SERGEANT LARSON AND JORGENSEN, ALLEN'S MIXED FORCE OF COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIANS REACHED THE PERIMETER OF THE AIRFIELD BEFORE MEETING SERIOUS OPPOSITION.



THEN THE GERMANS RALLIED, AND EACH BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY DEVELOPED INTO A FURIOUS LOCALISED BATTLE, HAMPERING THE MAIN OBJECTIVE OF THE TINY TASK FORCE.



BARDUFLOSS AIRFIELD RAPIDLY BEGAN TO RESEMBLE A FUNERAL PYRE AS JUNKER 88'S AND PETROL BOWSERS BURST INTO FLAMES. A FALL OF OILY BLACK SMOKE ROSE HIGH INTO THE AIR.



A HANDFUL OF COMMANDOS, LED BY MAJOR ALLEN, HAD FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH TO THE BOMB DUMPS.

HURRY, MAN, WITH THOSE DEMOLITIONS! SVEN, THE RADAR STATION... DESTROY IT!



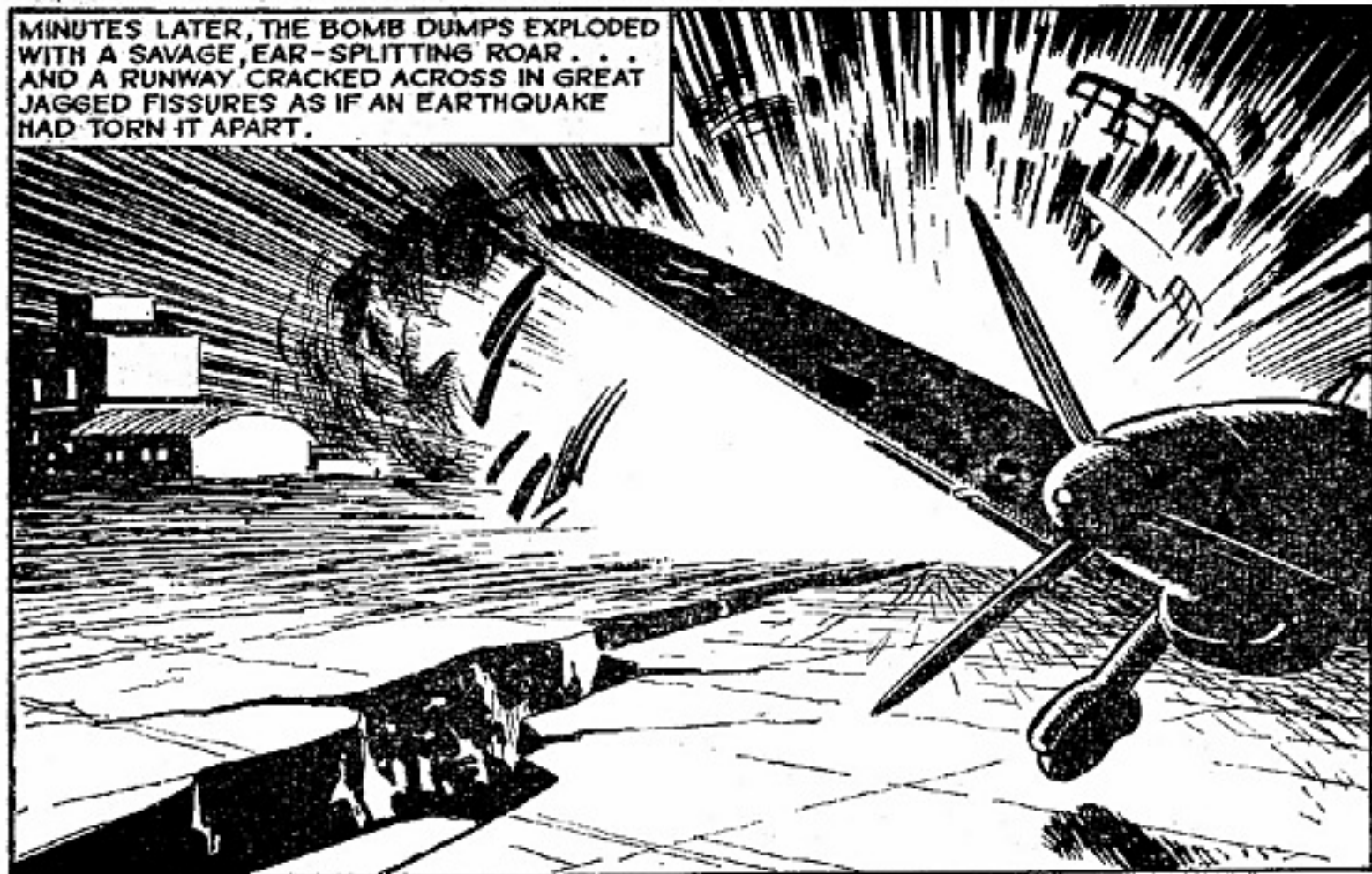


## The Fires Of Hate

THE CLATTER OF SPANDAUS AND SCHMEISSERS WAS DROWNING THE DEFIANT SOUND OF THE BRITISH GUNS. TIME WAS RUNNING OUT.



MINUTES LATER, THE BOMB DUMPS EXPLODED WITH A SAVAGE, EAR-SPLITTING ROAR... AND A RUNWAY CRACKED ACROSS IN GREAT JAGGED FISSURES AS IF AN EARTHQUAKE HAD TORN IT APART.



THE DESTRUCTION OF BARDUFOSSE AIRFIELD HAD REACHED ITS CLIMAX. BUT MAJOR ALLEN HAD ONE LAST TASK TO PERFORM. HE INTENDED TO BRING OUT SERGEANT LARSON IF HE STILL LIVED. . . .

STEADY,  
SERGEANT, WE'LL  
GET YOU OUT.

JORGENS  
BOUGHT IT,  
SIR. . .

THEIR MISSION HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED AGAINST WELL-NIGH IMPOSSIBLE ODDS. NO PLANE WOULD TAKE OFF FROM BARDUFOSSE FOR WEEKS OR EVEN MONTHS TO COME. THE WITHDRAWAL TO THE HILLS BEGAN. . . .

STEP UP THE  
PACE! GET TO HECK  
OUT OF HERE BEFORE  
JERRY GETS  
RE-ORGANISED!






SVEN LED THEM ON A NERVE-SHAKING PATH THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THE GERMANS DARE NOT FOLLOW. WHEN THE COMMANDOS AND NORWEGIANS HALTED, IT SEEMED THAT THE MAJOR HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND. HIS TONE WAS UNUSUALLY SELF-CONSCIOUS.




THEN THE MAJOR TOOK SERGEANT LARSON ASIDE . . .



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, SERGEANT LIEF LARSON WATCHED THE CONVOY PASS THROUGH THE NARROW GAP IN THE ICE, SAFE FROM GERMAN BOMBERS. HE FELT A GREAT PRIDE AND HAPPINESS.



THE MAJOR WAS RIGHT! REVENGE IS A SMALL THING... OF NO IMPORTANCE IN FIGHTING A WAR...



BY THE WAY, SERGEANT, I HAVE SOME NEWS FOR YOU. SVEN REPORTS THAT YOUR COUNTRYMEN HAVE EXECUTED HAUPTMANN STAHL.

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER VERY MUCH NOW, SIR.



SERGEANT LARSON DREW A DEEP BREATH. THE FIRES OF HATE HAD BLAZED WILDLY AND BURNED OUT. . . BUT THE MEMORY OF CORPORAL DODD AND OLAV JORGENS WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM. HE HAD LEARNED THE HARD WAY.



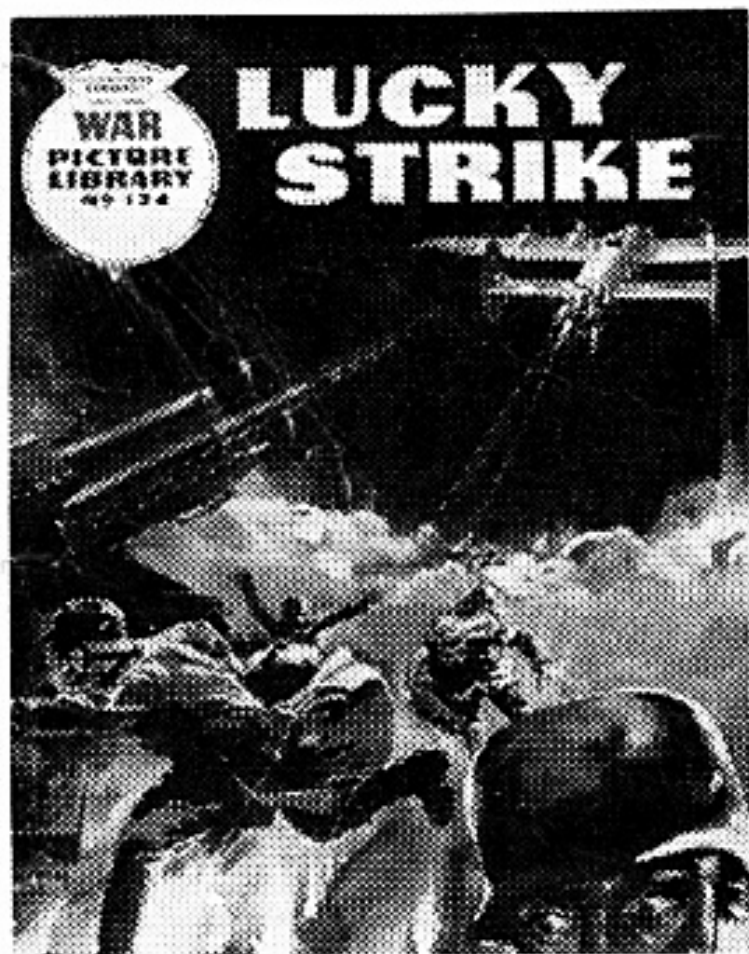
Printed in England by Messrs. Percy Brothers Ltd., Manchester 1, and published each month by Fleetway Publications Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. Kingstons Ltd. WAR PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

**ALSO ON SALE NOW**

**FOR WAR THRILLS . . . ACTION . . . DRAMA . . .**

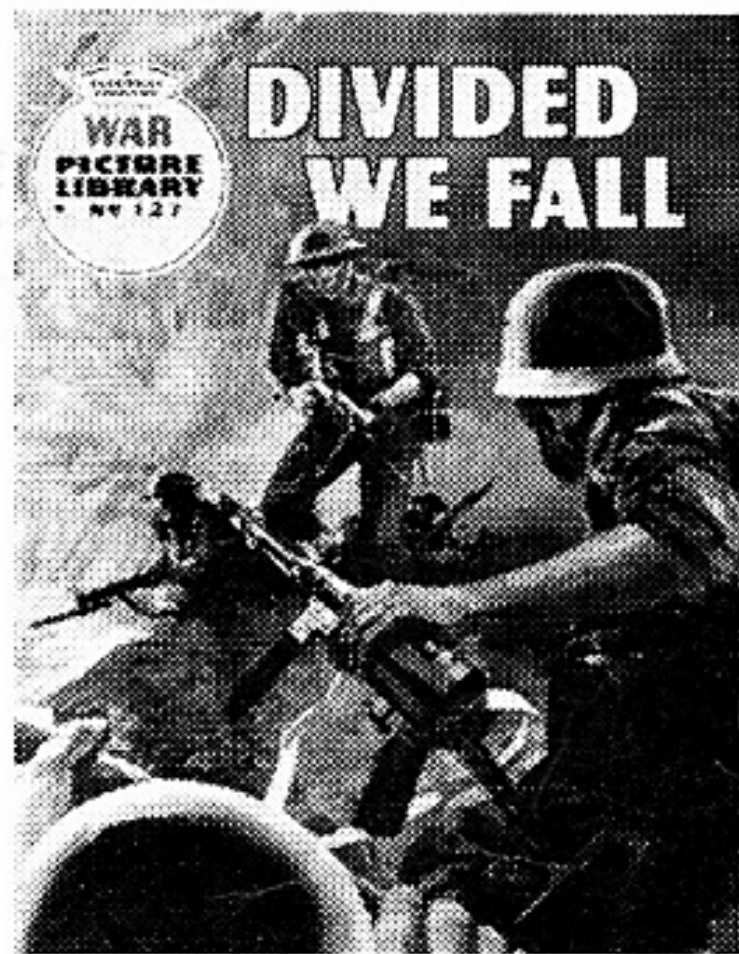
# **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY**

**No. 124.—LUCKY STRIKE**



It was only a routine mission, but, like the hand of fate, it touched on the lives of friend and foe alike.

**No. 127.—DIVIDED WE FALL**



The floodgates of tyranny menaced the forces of freedom with utter defeat unless two men could overcome their stubborn pride.

**ALSO ON SALE NOW :—**

**No. 125.—THE TASTE OF FEAR**

Next month's **FOUR** thrilling **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY** issues, on sale January 1st, are :—

**No. 128.—LICENCE TO KILL**

**No. 129.—FIRE POWER**

**No. 130.—DEBT OF HONOUR**

**No. 131.—LINE OF FIRE**



# BARGAIN 208 DIFFERENT ITEMS

for  
**STAMP COLLECTORS**



**YOU GET 116  
ALL DIFFERENT  
GENUINE STAMPS**

**including:** MONACO—Lourdes diamond shape; GERMANY—Sputnik; RED CHINA—Liberation; ALBANIA—1921 Revolution (3); LATVIA—Airman; CZECH—Stalin; ESTONIA—Nazi Issue; ALLIED MILITARY GOV'T; ISRAEL; ARGENTINA and dozens of other fascinating and unusual stamps from all over the world.

**You also get:** 88 stamp size Flags of the Nations to dress up your album! Planet Mail and Boy Scout Souvenir sheets!

**FREE!** Complete set of 4 facsimiles of the historic Suez Canal Co. stamps. Issued 92 years ago—withdrawn within 1 month. Originals sell for up to £50 each at auction!

**GRAND TOTAL 208 DIFFERENT ITEMS. USUALLY 6/6. ALL FOR 1/- TO INTRODUCE OUR BARGAIN APPROVALS. (APPROVALS ARE STAMPS SENT TO YOU FOR FREE INSPECTION. BUY WHAT YOU WANT, RETURN THE REST IN 14 DAYS.)**

**Money back if not 100% delighted**

**SEND NAME AND ADDRESS AND 1/- ASK FOR LOT P.6. OR MAIL COUPON TODAY**

**YOU ALSO GET**



PLANET MAIL  
SOUVENIR SHEET



88 FLAG OF THE WORLD



BOY SCOUT  
JAMBOREE  
SOUVENIR SHEET

**POST COUPON TODAY**

**TO: BROADWAY APPROVALS  
50, DENMARK HILL, (LOT P.6.)  
LONDON, S.E.5.**

I enclose 1/-. Rush me the complete collection of 208 different items including the 4 Suez facsimiles. Send a selection of bargain approvals for free examination.

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print carefully!)

**FREE  
4 SUEZ CANAL  
CO. STAMPS**

**FACSIMILES IN ORIGINAL COLOUR**



**BROADWAY APPROVALS, 50, DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5.**

Please tell your friend: you are replying to this advertisement.